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A SERMON

PREACHED BY

REV. J. M. MANNING, D. D.

BEFORE THE

American Board of Commissioners for Foreign Missions,

AT THE

SEVENTY-FIRST ANNUAL MEETING,

HELD IN LOWELL, MASS.,

OCTOBER 5, 1880.

CHRISTIAN MISSIONS AND THE SOCIAL IDEAL.

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By REV. J. M. MANNING, D. D.,

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SERMON.

"And I saw a new heaven and a new earth: for the first heaven and the first earth were passed away; and there was no more sea."—*Rev xxi: 1.*

No man has ever yet doubted that some such blessedness as these words foretell is in store for our world. It is one of the sacred beliefs of the human heart, that the scattered races of mankind shall be one day brought together into a single family. This faith is intuitional; it is born with us, like the faith in our own immortality or in the existence and omnipresence of a God of love. Before the light of the gospel had dawned on men, poets sang of the golden age to come, and philosophers tried to tell what it should be or be like. It is one of the chief themes of prophecy in the Old Testament as well as in the New. The whole Bible, but perhaps more especially the last book of it, is a divine *Amen* to our instinctive faith in the brotherhood of mankind. Through all literature, whether ancient or modern, through all thinking, through all statesmanship, all business, all life, this sacred yearning is breathed; and while the universal voice is going up, saying, "How long, O Lord, how long!" the response of God is clear, full, unmistakable. That belief in the future perfection of man and of human society, which cannot be uprooted in our hearts, does not deceive us. The glorious day to which it turns forward our wistful eyes is surely coming, coming, coming! God keeps the times and seasons in his own power. One day is with him as a thousand years, and a thousand years as one day. But his servant John, whom he inspired to show unto us what should be in the end of the world, says, "I *saw* a new heaven and a new earth: for the first heaven and the first earth were passed away; and there was no more sea."

By "a new heaven and a new earth" we are to understand the whole race of mankind, morally and spiritually renewed. The passing away of "the first heaven and the first earth" signifies that the present divided and hostile condition of the races of men shall give way to a universal reign of peace and good will. And in the striking picture of a world in which there is "no more sea" is assured to us the mastery of all natural forces as well as all moral and spiritual, so that mankind shall no more be kept from coming together into that brotherhood of love in which they cannot but believe, and for which they instinctively yearn.

The sea offered only images of terror to the mind of those to whom St. John wrote. It bounded the known world. They peopled with direful fancies the regions which lay beyond its distant rim. Meaning by the word "sea" the Mediterranean, with which they were chiefly conversant, it would suggest to them ideas of distance and separation; long and perilous voyages, which would not bring them to friends, but to savage and hostile tribes.

No doubt all these ideas were in the mind of the rapt seer when he used his beautiful image. He is carried forward by the Spirit of God into the time when Christ shall be the universal King. It is the glory and blessedness of that day which his vivid figure paints. He means to say that a time is coming, in the history of our world, when the dominion of man over nature shall be complete, the sea even not blocking the pathways of his love; when he shall regard no place as the abode of mystery or danger; and when that separation, difficulty of access, and hostility which now divide the nations from one another, and of which the sea is a striking symbol, shall give place to an easy, brotherly, and uniformly delightful intercourse among all the inhabitants of our globe.

The march of the human family toward this blessed state began in the dawn of history, and is still going forward. Let me speak to you a little of the means by which the great renovation is to come about: *first*, of some of the natural and human means; *secondly*, of the supernatural, as seen in the gospel, or more especially in the work of Christian missions.

One of the first class of means, which has done much and may yet do something toward bringing our race together into a brotherhood of love, is geographical discovery. Man's knowledge of the new world he had been bidden to subdue and have dominion over was for a long time partial and vague. Each knew his own neighborhood, but there was no common knowledge shared by all. As men scattered abroad after the confusion of tongues, they did not send back reports of themselves, and early traditions grew dim; hence, in a few centuries the Old World was peopled with tribes who knew almost nothing of one another. But in due time journeys, and even voyages, of discovery began to be made. Adventurous men went forth to search out the lands, and they returned to tell what they had found. Thus the small circle of geography, which had been each man's world, began to be widened. The dwellers in Egypt, Syria, and Midian heard that they were neighbors to one another; and they sought intercourse, though chiefly for plunder and blood. The islands of the sea, also, and the remotest parts of the continents, were brought gradually within the circle of this common knowledge. Thus, that vagueness and fear which had been connected with the idea of distance began to yield to a pleasant curiosity and the feeling of society. The shepherd of Mesopotamia felt less alone at knowing that other hearts, precisely like his own, were beating far up the Nile, on the table-lands of China, throughout the wilds of Europe, and on the bosom of that great deep whose terrible majesty filled him with awe. But vastly more toward bringing the earth's surface to the knowledge of all men has been done in modern times. Columbus and his successors robbed the sea of its mystery. The exact form and size of the earth have been found out. Not an islet glitters on the surface of the blue waters but some one has seen and reported it. Wherever man can live, this work of discovery has been done; and now, in the central parts of Africa, and toward the northern and the southern pole, the work is going on, sure not to stop till the last corner, and shore, and hight, and fastness of the earth have been forced to give up their secrets. This genius of discovery ranges the

earth as the astronomer's glass sweeps the heavens. It is rapidly filling up the blanks on our maps. It is giving to all parts of the world a reality and nearness in our thoughts, which tend to take from man everywhere his sense of loneliness or isolation.

Another natural means of bringing men together into fraternal relations has been the establishment of colonies. This adds a tie which mere discovery could not give: the attachment, namely, to a common ancestry. Though every man is our brother, and in the broadest sense we cannot speak of different ancestors, yet there is a peculiar interest binding together those who think of the same country as their fatherland, or who are alike warmed with the blood of some heroic stock whose origin and fame they can distinctly trace. The Phœnician colonies, along the southern shore of the Mediterranean, were drawn to one another as the native tribes could not be; for, with a common affection, they remembered the mother city. So when that migration southward, from the northern border of Greece, began, and the isthmus below Corinth and the islands near its coast were settled by people claiming a common lineage, the new cities entered into fraternal alliances more or less wide, before which the first owners of the soil melted away. And this brotherhood of states went on increasing for a long time, gaining for itself foot-holds in new lands, held together by the belief in their oneness of race. This tie of kindred has steadily grown more powerful as the world has grown older. And it is not impossible that the time will come, in the blessed future opening before us, when all mankind, however scattered abroad, will trace their lineage to a single source; all decaying tribes having wasted away before the one dominating people which turns proudly to a single origin and to a single career among the nations. From the sources of the Amazon, out of the rich valleys of Central Africa and the uplands of Asia, from the sides of the North, the blooming prairie, and the coral islands of the Pacific, threads of tender remembrance may draw all hearts toward a common center of name and traditions.

In the work of reuniting the scattered fragments of human-

ity, commerce also bears a notable part. The arrangement of things in the world is such that what nature and labor produce in one country are taken to other countries for the promotion of the common welfare. Hence the business of carrying — the commerce whose lines run in all directions and cross one another at almost every point of the earth's surface. The ships sailing on the remotest sea are bringing each nation of men into kindly relations with the entire world. An emperor on the continent of Europe dare not begin a war till he knows how it will affect the merchants of Canton, London, and San Francisco. Nothing that makes trade unprofitable, or that interferes greatly with it, will be long tolerated. There are but few nations now which refuse to come into this world-congress of exchangers — this brotherhood of buyers and sellers all over the earth, who control kings, and presidents, and law-givers. It cannot be denied that the Sandwich Islands were the sooner redeemed from barbarism by lying as they did in the highway of the world's commerce. Let any country succeed in opening a thrifty trade between its own ports and the ports of other countries, a trade whose profits are equal to all concerned, and it needs little other warrant that its rights will be respected. The Hottentot can bear no hatred toward the Englishman who takes his ivory and gives him its full value in useful fabrics. The ice-dealer of Bombay is on friendly terms with the New England shipper. The shoemakers of Lynn are interested in the success of the South American hunter. An untimely frost in a Western valley, or a flood in France, or a tribal war in Asia, or the burning of a great city, is often a world-wide calamity. Rich men whose homes are in Paris have been made poor by a drought in New York or Ohio. Places of abode are changed for life — the Turk dwelling in Boston, and the Bostonian in Constantinople; the New Yorker making Shanghai his home, and the Chinaman residing in New York. Thus it is that all nations, both the civilized and the barbarous, make one community; and it is for the interest of each of the individuals so connected that peace and good-will should everywhere exist.

In naming the more obvious means by which the scattered tribes of men have been brought near to each other, the applications of scientific discovery should not be forgotten. The seaports of the Old World are not half so far from us as they once were, owing to the use of steam. And of the telegraph we may say that it has more than annihilated space, both on the land and on the sea. The electric current is swifter than the earth's motion; it steals a march on time; what took place in the far-off Orient, we read of at an earlier hour of our day. This swift-spreading of the news to all points of the earth is a terror to evil-doers. It helps the cause of justice and good-will. There is no place where the worker of iniquity can hide himself save by the connivance of faithless officials. When he steps in disguise on the remotest shore, a warrant of arrest may meet him. Wonderful as all this is, yet who doubts that science has other secrets to declare? Wisdom will not die with us. That torch of inventive genius which the former times have given to us, we shall hand on to those who succeed us. Human ingenuity will not rest till the basis of a world-wide intimacy among men has been laid. It will be because they wish to dwell apart, hated and hating one another, if they fail to come together into an all-embracing brotherhood.

And just here it is, dear friends, that we see the need of an agency which is above nature or man's power, to change the selfishness of the human heart into the spirit of love. That spirit brought down to us in Christ Jesus, and given to his people to be spread through the world, is the only power which can make one family of all the tribes of men. God himself must make the nations one by giving to them his Son. The triumph of the gospel everywhere, and especially in the form of Christian missions, is our only hope that the golden age of love, of which the poet and philanthropist dream, will ever dawn. The spirit of Christ in his church, carrying the life of God to every creature, alone can give the new heaven and the new earth. You will admit that I have not undervalued ordinary causes, as preachers are sometimes charged with doing. In considering how St. John's vision is to be realized,

I have given due credit to discovery, emigration, commerce, and the better control of natural forces. But a great work still remains undone, which nothing in nature or man shows any signs of accomplishing. The union which they bring about is based on self-interest, and is wholly unstable. Another law of action, even that love and self-sacrifice which came down from heaven, must be planted in men's hearts, in order to make them in deed and in truth one family.

Let me show, then, why Christian missions, embodying as they do the spirit of divine love, tend directly to bring mankind together into a single brotherhood.

They proceed on the principle of sacrifice — are a constant laying down of life for the good of others. This is true from the center to the circumference of the work. Starting from each home office, and going out on all sides, we find at every step, and in the farthest mission-field, self-denial and self-sacrifice. There is an outlay of time, strength and sympathy, for which no worldly return is sought or expected. Poor widows give their farthings, and others their larger sums; families live on inadequate salaries, uncounted hours are taken from business, days of prayer and nights of anxiety are spent, and no reward is thought of or desired. It is all bread taken from the mouth at the Lord's bidding, and cast upon the waters, not to be gathered again until the eternal shore is reached. Is it for their own sake, think you, that the young husband and wife, standing on the vessel's deck after the parting hymn has been sung, turn their faces whithersoever the spirit sends them? Is it for any selfish reason that the aged parents, who have reared them so tenderly, watch the lessening sail, and wave their tearful good-bye as it vanishes from their view? Do they find any return, as the world counts dividends, in going back to look at the pictures of their departed children, and to speak their loved names? "Not for our sake, but for the sake of those who know not Christ," is the answer which confounds the selfish man when he asks, "Why this waste?" Follow that little ship's company on the way. Hear them speak of early associations, of the family circle, the school, the friends, the familiar trees about the homestead, the loved streams of

water, the grand old mountains. "What induced you to give up all that peace and sweetness of life amid the glorious surroundings of your birthplace?" we ask. There is a swelling of great emotions within them as they hear the question; and with brimming, yet brave and upturned eyes, they say, "We go to seek those for whom our Lord died." Is it a pleasure to them to be confronted daily with strange, wild faces, to miss the dear mother tongue, to be obliged to preach the blessed words of Christ in an uncouth and inadequate dialect? Look through their dwelling: its furniture spoiled by the heat of the climate, or its walls not able to keep out the wintry wind; greedy insects invading every corner of it, poisonous reptiles crawling over and around it, hungry beasts of prey stealthily watching in the jungle hard by, its table spread with food which only their wish to be strong for their self-denying work can make palatable. "Does this pay?" you ask. "Not as the money-changers reckon pay," they answer. "But we," they add, "have another motive; we are to Christ a willing sacrifice, to be used of him in planting here his saving gospel." Think you that no struggle takes place in them when they are forced to send their children home to be educated? Is it such a motive as you act from in secular affairs, which persuades them to let their families be broken up? which strengthens them to lie down and die alone, beneath the ice-hills of Greenland, on the banks of the Gaboon river, or within the suffocating walls of Mosul? You behold here a new and marvelous power at work in the world; something which is above man or nature, which came from the God who is love. Here is no thirst for fame, glory, or riches, but a longing to be offered up for the good of others. This spirit is not due to commerce, to science, to the finding and peopling of new lands. It is the spirit of the gospel, for lack of which the world has been full of discord. Everything which seemed to favor universal peace and good will has been spoiled by some element of self-interest. But here self is devoted to the well-being of those who cannot repay; and we all see that this spirit, if made everywhere dominant, cannot but bring all men into one brotherhood. It is the same spirit out of which God sent his

Son into the world; and out of which the Son was obedient unto death, even the death of the cross. This entire freedom from self-seeking, this eagerness not to be ministered unto but to minister, this lowliness and suffering for the sake of others, which the mighty men of the world have never shown, but which is the spirit of Christian missions, is our only hope of the new heaven and new earth. How can there be any war, or oppression, or other abuse of man by man, where each one is seeking not his own, and no one owes anything but to love his brother? Such a spirit is all-powerful; it tames ferocity, it melts the icy heart, it overawes wickedness. Christ's kingdom, the kingdom of suffering for the good of others, though the least of all seeds in the beginning, is our only reliance if the races of men are ever to become a single family; for nowhere else do we find that self-surrender and toiling for our neighbor's good which are the only possible basis of a real and enduring brotherhood.

But facts, no less than the spirit of missions, show that they can make mankind one family.

The true churches of Christ are already made one by their endeavor to give the Gospel to every creature. Persons interested in the same objects, and having knowledge of each other, are one in heart, however scattered in space. To them there is no more sea, or separating distance; for the electric chain of sympathy makes them one. There is a republic of letters, of science, of art — each world-wide. But these fraternities do not rest on a permanent basis, for they do not grow out of unselfish suffering; the spirit which pervades them is not that of the Gospel. The fellowship of missions is as enduring as the soul of man; it is deep, sweet, tender, beyond the power of anything to disturb. This gentle and pervasive love, whose golden threads go through the world, is revealing itself more and more. When the states and kingdoms are in commotion, hurricanes of war screaming through the sky, this soft melody of Christian hearts is uninterrupted; and if we lay our ear low, and hearken patiently, we can hear its breathings, the faint prelude of a mighty anthem, heralding the reign of the Prince of Peace.

There is another fact of most touching interest, which shows how Christian missions are making all lands one. Almost every Christian, in every part of the world, has some kinsman or near friend toiling on the other side of the globe; or, may be, already sleeping in Jesus, where he fell, on some remote continent or island, or within the still depths of the sea. There are those in New England who think tenderly of St. Helena, of the Isle of France, of the hills of Nestoria, of the widely scattered lands made dear to them by the kindred dust of a Hall, a Judson or a Boardman, a Grant, a Lobdell, a Benjamin, a Goodell, a Scudder, a Poor. These lines of affection, making foreign soil native, go out all ways and to the remotest points; and to the heart which thus loves and communes there is no more sea. You mock it, denying its own sweet witness, if you say that it is not one with its kindred who have died in Christ. It lingers near the burial-ground of Batticotta in the twilight hour, and is soothed by the spicy breezes which blow soft from Ceylon's Isle. It walks through the exhumed palaces of Nineveh, and looks wistfully out on the lowly grave-stones beside the Tigris. It sits beneath the cedars of Lebanon, and hears in the sighing of their branches the voice of its own communion. The cocoa and the palm, though as far as the East and the West from it, are its own trees. For it is the cemeteries, the places where our own kindred sleep, which our hearts specially claim; there we dwell, oftentimes more truly than where we are visibly present. Thus every continent, and island, and valley, and mountain, around and all over the world, is fast becoming father-land and home to the brotherhood of Christian hearts. Our self-love and patriotism are widening into an affection which embraces the world; into that holy and divine love which will not rest from its blessed ministry till the lowest child of Adam has found the tree of life; till all nations are of one heart and one speech, and the soul of a brother looks out from every eye, and to live is to serve, and to labor is to love.

That the spirit of Christian missions is able to do this, is foreshadowed by what they have already done. Whatever they touch, they consecrate and make immortal. Go to Williams-

town, and you will be shown the spot where Mills and his associates met to pray. That spot, more than the college, makes the name of the town dear in all lands. Go to Andover, and they will remind you that there those missionaries studied. Go to Salem, and it will be said to you, "Here the first missionaries were ordained." I have met a ship-master who remembered with pride that the first missionaries to the Sandwich Islands sailed with him. There are thousands of men and women living in the far-off East and on the islands of the sea, who know Boston only as the place from which missionaries are sent.

What marvelous power the Christian missionary has! The memory of David Brainerd is to-day a converting power, and Henry Martyn helps hold the University of Cambridge to the foundations of its faith in Christ. The power of such men is not merely natural; it is supernatural. Their strength may be small, and they may be young and without earthly prestige, yet the life of Christ has through their consecration to him filled them, and by them he speaks, as never man spake, to his brethren sitting in darkness. The poor idolater sees in them a love not born of man but of God, and he gladly takes the message of salvation which they bring him from the Father of his spirit. I doubt not there are some in this assembly who have been welcomed where the ambassadors of no civil power would be safe. Those of us who have read the life of David Livingstone cannot doubt that, if there were a hundred such as he in Africa, a hundred such as he in China, in Japan, a hundred such as he in Turkey, in India, in Burmah, all preaching Jesus Christ as the one hope and King of men, the great multitude whose voice is as the voice of mighty thunderings would soon be heard, saying, "Alleluia, for the Lord God Omnipotent reigneth."

Read the story of Coleridge Patteson, late bishop of the English church at the Melanesian Islands, if you would know what the missionary spirit may do for a man. He was the son of Sir John Patteson, born so recently as 1827, brought up to all the elegancies and costly pleasures usual to the homes of the English nobility. He was a scholar at Eton when Victoria came

to the throne — a favorite of teachers and classmates, and their petted champion on the cricket-field. From this proud school under the shadow of Windsor Castle he went to Oxford, the holy fire of missions already burning in his heart. Upon graduating he turned his back on all the pride and glory of English high life, and went in the spirit of Christ and his cross to as wretched a set of tribes as can be found on the earth. Far to the southeast of Australia, in his little ship which he named the "Southern Cross," he toiled from island to island, devoting his whole earthly fortune to the work — carpenter, mason, gardener, and farmer, cook and seamster and nurse and doctor, student, translator, teacher, catechist, minister; declining to return home, asking that his portion of the estate might be given to his mission. Thus he bore up through loneliness, against opposition, under disease, till at last, in the freshness of his glorious manhood, the natives who loved him, unfortunately mistaking him for a slave-hunter known to be prowling around, suddenly rushed upon him out of an ambush as he was one day leaving his ship, and took his life before he could tell them who he was. One such heroic life as that is worth a thousand lives dawdled away in luxurious ease. Jesus Christ formed within him made him such a center of attraction, and such an uplifting and purifying power, as promised in a little while to make all those poor savages one fold under the one Divine Shepherd.

If you still doubt the power of this all-devoting love, which is the soul of missions, to tame wild natives and make them one family, read the story of Miss Pattison, "Sister Dora," in the festering dens and hospitals of Walsall, England. It was the missionary spirit which, in that nominally Christian but degraded and wicked city, made her the adored queen whose word was law to the brutal and vicious creatures about her. What a day it was on which she was buried! The confused roar of machinery and the thud and clang of steam-hammers ceased. The chimneys of furnaces and foundries belched forth no flames that day. Only a heavy cloud of smoke lay like a pall on the great sooty town. Wretched toilers swarmed forth by the thousand and ten thousand, their hearts

bowed by the magic power of her all-devoting love as the trees of the wood are bowed by the wind.

Ah, dear friends! the true missionary is clothed with a sacredness which awes the roving child of the desert. His spirit of love teaches the wild Koord to be kind and merciful. His one thought of saving others, at the risk of his own life, charms the Hindoo mind away from superstition and bloody rites. How often kings have besought his good offices, in treating with the savage chiefs whom they would win to friendly alliance. The deadly intolerance of Islam is yielding in the presence of the heavenly love which he brings to it. Chinese exclusiveness levels its walls at the approach of a pure Gospel. Japan, her heart thrilled by the morning beams of Christianity, is sending her brightest minds to be molded by its hand, and these are carrying more and more of the spirit of redemption back into their marvelous country. This missionary work, which all who understand it so eagerly welcome, has already begun to make strange races to be of one heart and one mind. Great is the work which has been already done. Yet the near future gives promise of something vastly greater. God is opening doors into all lands, where eager hands are stretched out to receive the blessing. Let all Christians give to this blessed work according to their resources, and toil in it as they have the opportunity and power, and the day is not far off when the one kingdom which all other kingdoms are to help make up shall be proclaimed. The yearning of the human heart for fellowship with all other hearts shall be met. Every man's love shall find completeness in the ocean of universal love. God, who is all, shall be in all; and this divine indwelling shall make all one; there shall be neither Jew nor Greek, barbarian, Scythian, bond nor free, but all shall be one, and shall grow up together into Christ, who is the head.

What occasion have we, dear friends, to doubt that the Holy Spirit, in whose dispensation we are now living, is fully able to renew our entire world? Are we not doing dishonor to his blessed name and office when we say that Christ must again visibly come, take from the Holy Spirit his unfinished

work, and himself complete the bringing together of mankind in him? Is it not enough that the Comforter takes of Christ and shows to men, and convinces them of sin and righteousness and judgment, but must he be thrust out of his office, and Christ do what he has failed to accomplish, before the world can be converted to God? This certainly is not the view which Christ himself gave when he told his disciples it was expedient for them that he should go away, since if he went not away the Comforter would not come. What mean those words, and the greater works than his of which he spoke, if the Holy Spirit is not adequate to all the wants of the church in carrying out our Lord's last command? The nature of the Gospel and the history of its progress thus far ought to convince us that the present dispensation of grace is enough for all the work we are to do. Going outside of the church, in the province of civil affairs, think what a blessed contrast between the present state of things and that which prevailed even so late as three centuries ago! In all domestic legislation and in international law there has been a wonderful advance, and this advance has been a steady approach toward the teachings of Christ. Nations are growing more and more ashamed of anything on their statute-books or in their administration which the spirit of the gospel forbids. Ah, dear friends, we put asunder Church and State, but Christ knows which is his! They were both ordained of God, nor can we say that either of them alone represents the one kingdom into which all other kingdoms are to be absorbed. The present religious sects may fade away, and it may be *some form of civil power*, embodying the spirit of the New Testament, and world-wide in sway, which Christ shall own as his universal church when he comes in the clouds of heaven.

At any rate, whether we study the history of the State or the Church, we find bright proofs that all the aid needed for the conversion of the world is now at our command. You cannot conceive of any more marvelous victories of the gospel under some dispensation yet to come than took place in the apostolic age, than attended the labors of Chrysostom and Augustine, than followed the preaching of the Wesleys,

Whitefield, and Jonathan Edwards. How often we have seen God take men out of the depths of ignorance and want, and with them mightily increase his kingdom, thus shaming our lack of faith in the agencies for good which are already ours! If you think Christ must needs come in some new form of power, in order that the nations may be given to him, what do you do with the story of the Sandwich Islands or of the island of Madagascar? Could the recent history of Madagascar be any more wonderful if Christ were visibly with us? At the beginning of this century it was peopled by a nation of idolaters, skilled in many of the arts and ways of civilized life, but who were so sunk in the vices and crimes of their heathenism that they might have sat for St. Paul's picture in the First of Romans. But to-day, through God's blessing on the work of the English missionaries, they are a Christian nation, with churches, schools, a native ministry, wise laws, social and domestic order, libraries, newspapers; their queen and many of her chief officers devoted servants of Christ. Who art thou that darest to say, "Are there not yet four months, and then cometh the harvest?" Can you imagine any transformation in the future which shall be more wonderful than this? Go to that island, and tell its people that Christ is coming back to our world some day to subdue men under him, and they would not understand you. They would look on you with astonishment. Tell them that the gospel as now revealed is to save only a handful of our race, and they would not take you for a Christian, but for a Hebrew of the Hebrews. They would say that the millennial glory is already theirs, and that they are so blessed in this as not to be able to think of one yet to come. The utmost they can pray for is that the light which has visited them may spread over the world.

Not only do we need simply the power which we already have, but where has any more been promised us? Was it not all given, and pointed to as our warrant for attempting the conquest of the world, in the hour when Christ ascended to the Father? O ye who doubt the present, and who peer anxiously into the future for some new revelation of Christ's power, go out with your risen Lord from Jerusalem to the Mount of

Olives. What does he say as he is about to be parted from you? Does he say that you must wait for his final coming, and only then see his kingdom begin to prevail? No, dear friends. He looks for no new sources of strength to him and his church in the future. But he says — oh, listen to what he says! listen! — "All power IS given unto me in heaven and in earth!" Therefore what? stand gazing up into heaven? whisper among the faint-hearted that we cannot go over and possess the land? preach that our largest success must needs be but partial till this same Jesus is again visibly with us? No, dear friends; not this, nor anything like it, but something very different from it! "All power is given unto me in heaven and in earth, therefore GO — and teach all nations, baptizing them in the name of the Father, and of the Son, and of the Holy Ghost, teaching them to observe all things whatsoever I have commanded you, and lo, I AM with you alway, even UNTO the end of the world."